THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 19, 1808.

An Account of the English Ambassador's Audience with the Sultan.

[From Mac Gill's Travels.]

DURING my absence in Russia, his excellency Mr. Arbuthnot, our new ambassador at the Porte, arrived in Constantinople; yesterday he had his audience with the sultan, which, as the mode of conducting it was somewhat singular, I shall describe to you.

Yesterday morning, by five o'clock, the whole of the British at the time in Constantinople repaired to the palace of the Swedish envoy, where his excellency our ambassador waited for them, to proceed to his audience with the sultan; before six the whole procession was in motion; the ambassador was carried in a chair by six men in red robes, with high hairy caps on their heads; on each side of the chair walked one of his excellency's armed attendants, namely, his hussar and his sportsman; the chair was followed by another, which was empty, and then by the secretaries, dragomen, and gentlemen and factors, who happened to be then in the country.

In this manner we proceeded to the water side at Tophana, where boats were provided for us by order of the Porte, to carry us across the Golden Horn, where, when we arrived, we found horses from the stud of the sultan waiting to convey us to the seraglio. After some little ceremonies we again set forward for the Sublime Porte; before entering it, we all alighted, and proceeded onward between the gates; the outer and inner ones were then shut, and information was sent to the divan, that an infidel ambassador was without, who wished to throw himself at the feet of the great sultan. The place in which

we were inclosed is that were criminals are decapitated, and where the heads of traitors are exposed for the satisfaction of the sultan.

After a short time the inner gate was thrown open, and an exhibition truly novel presented itself: a great number of dishes of pillau and cakes of bread were strewed on the ground at appropriate distances, which, at a signal given, a troop of janizaries ran in in the nimblest manner, and carried off. On enquiry, I found that this grotesque spectacle was intended to shew to us infidels in what manner the Turkish troops are fed, and also how active they are.

At length we were permitted to advance, and after crossing an exterior court of the seraglio, arrived at the entrance of the divan, near the door of which were exposed on the ground the presents brought by the ambassador, in order to gain or secure the friendship of the Turks; amongst these were several pieces of fine cloth, some of rich silk, a table clock, and many other articles.

Here his excellency presented his credentials to the vizir, who by some gentlemen of the long robe sent them to the sultan to know his pleasure. The interval between this and the arrival of the answer was employed by us in examining and admiring the magnificence of the apartment in which we were, and which was richly gilt and painted on the roof and columns; the floor was of variegated marble, around the room were sophas covered with costly stuff; in the middle of the side opposite the door, upon a cushion more elevated than the rest, sat the vizir, over his head we observed the little window covered by a thick grating, at which it is said the sultan sits to hear what passes on occasions of this kind. It was evident to perceive through the grating that some person sat there, but conjecture alone could lead us to conclude that it was Selim.

A gracious answer from the sultan at length arrived, which was received with a shout of "Long live the king of kings, Selim the sultan of sultans." Here every one arose, even his highness the vizir slipt from his throne, and met the bearer half way to the door; the order was delivered into his hands, he first kissed it, then placed it to his forehead, kissed it again, and then, and not 'till then, presumed to break the seals; the order was to feed, wash, and clothe the infidels, and then admit them to his presence. In a short time, some little stools were arranged, in different parts of the divan, on the top of which were placed large trays of gold and silver, about four feet diameter, and of a circular form, from which we were to be fed at the expence of the Turks. A most sumptuous entertainment was served up; first, a kind of blancmanger, next different kinds of roasted and baked meats; sweetmeats followed;

lowed; and to conclude, a delicious cooling sherbet was handed round in gold and silver basons.

We experienced one grievous want at this feast, for we were not furnished either with knife or fork, and were obliged to tear in pieces whatever was set before us; for the articles of a liquid kind, spoons of tortoise-shell, studded with gold, were handed to us.

The eating part of the farce being over, perfumed water was poured on the hands of his excellency, and a napkin of rich embroidery was thrown to him to wipe them with; he was farther perfumed with aloes wood and ambergris.

The usual ceremony of paying the janizaries takes place in general after this part of the audience, but his excellency had, I suppose, expressed himself sufficiently satisfied of the riches of the sultan, and it was dispensed with.

I happened to be in Constantinople at a former period, when two senators of Ragusa came to pay their tribute to the Porte, and was present at their audience, when the usual entertainment for their ambassadors, of paying the janizaries, was gone through, a description of which may, perhaps, amuse you.

On quitting the divan, the senators and suite were conducted to a place in the court immediately opposite to the door of it, where seats were prepared for their reception; the servants of the Porte then brought out a number of leathern purses, which were strewed on the ground, and supposed to contain the pay of one company; the colonel of the company then gave the word, upon which the men came running forward, snatched up the purses, and carried them to some other quarter, where they divided them; this they repeated again and again; at the audience of the Ragusans it lasted upwards of an hour and a half; at that of Lord Elgin, this farce continued some hours, when his lordship, with just indignation, declared, that if it was not concluded immediately, he would return home.

We were now marched to a kind of open room under the piazzas, where coffee was served, and where the infidels were clothed in a manner suitable to their making their appearance before the sublime sultan; this dress consisted of pelisses; that of his excellency was lined with samour, worth no small sum; those for the secretaries were very good; the dragomen, who generally take care of themselves, having in some measure the arrangement of this part of the business, were served with a pelisse each, little inferior to that of the ambassador; the others were of trifling value.

To the presence of the sultan only fourteen can be admitted, and they must be unarmed; so here his excellency, and those who wore swords, unbuckled; we now passed to the gate of the second court, where we encountered the first guard of eunuchs. This guard was composed of the ugliest monsters

that ever wore the human form; their features were horrible, with the flesh depending from them; their faces were of the most deadly hue. Each infidel was now adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the king of kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence; in this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.

The sultan was sitting on a bed, for his throne has the appearance of a large four-posted bed, indeed it is exactly of that shape; the posts were inlaid with precious stones; the cushion on which Selim sat was composed of a massy embroidery of pearls; before him stood his boots, beside him lay his sword, and some turbans of state with rich aigrettes in them.

Selim is a man of about forty-three years of age; his beard is become grisly, his countenance is attractive, the tout ensemble of his physiognomy benign; he never lifted his eyes, nor even gave a side glance; the ambassador made a polite speech to him, which the Prince Marwze, first dragoman at the porte, translated to the vizir, who repeated it to the sultan; he made his reply in simple, kind, and elegant expressions; it was likewise spoken to the vizir, who passed it to the prince, who then repeated it to the British company's dragoman, and he to the ambassador.

Our audience being finished, we turned to depart, still in our humiliating condition, like criminals; the sultan, just as we were leaving the room, desired the dragoman to inform his excellency that he had ordered him a horse, which he hoped would turn out a good one; his excellency thanked him, and we departed. A strong guard of janizaries attended during the whole of the procession.

Our return from the audience was nearly the same as our entry. We passed over the outward court of the seraglio, and without the Porte found our horses in waiting where we had left them. As we crossed the water, several British and Maltese vessels saluted us; indeed they had done so in the morning. We conducted the ambassador to the Swedish palace, and were refreshed with lemonade, sweet cakes, &c. the party then broke up to meet again at Tarapea, the residence of Mr. Arbuthnot, where we were invited to dinner. In the evening we had a ball.

The audience upon the whole was grand, and came up in a great measure to my expectations. It was humiliating, to be sure, to be kept like prisoners so long in that horrible place the Porte, and had we understood the language, the being treated with "infidel" at every corner would have been insufferable. But the manners of the Turks, in every stage of the business, were friendly and kind. They have a greater regard for the English than for any other nation, both for those

in

in the distinguished employments, and for the mercantile part of them: ever since the affair of Egypt, they talk of Nelson, Sir Sidney, their old acquaintance, whom they will tell you they have seen, and General Stewart, with delight and enthusiasm. They highly respect the mercantile world, and say the word of an Englishman is as good as any other man's writing, who is not a mussulman.

The dinner at Tarapea consisted of all that taste could display, or the appetite desire; the rarities of the season were washed down in libations of the choicest wines; the party was elegant, but not gay. We were deprived by her indisposition of the presence of the amiable and beautiful ambassadress; the sickness of his beloved consort threw a gloom over his excellency, who, notwithstanding, strove to appear cheerful; in the evening, however, we found her adorning the drawing-room, where were also the ambassadors of the other missions and their ladies, with most of the ladies and gentlemen attached to them, who had been invited to pay their court on this occasion. According to the eastern custom, coffee and sweetmeats were served up, and the ball commenced by those who chose to dance leading their partners to the hall, where a band of music was playing. Rooms were prepared for those who chose to play at cards. During the evening, ices and lemonade were handed round; the dance continued with much vivacity until some hours after midnight, when the party returned to their respective homes.

The moon shone bright, and shed a charming lustre over the mountains, crowned with the gloomy cypress; the most death-like stillness reigned over the canal, interrupted only by the fall of the oar, which beat in agreeable cadence to the breast, which had been agitated with the dance, or with some softer emotion, for the scene of the evening afforded a rich display of beauty.

The contrast was striking between the elegant simplicity of the English dress, and the gaudy shew of the Grecian. Her excellency was attired in a plain, but costly suit; the other ladies were decked out in rich furred gowns of silver, gold, or rich silk stuffs, and all the family diamonds were displayed on this occasion, stuck on without either art or elegance.

The ambassador appeared in the evening in the Windsor uniform; his dress in the morning was rich embroidery. The gentlemen of the other missions wore the uniform of their respective courts.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS *of* PRINCE BAGRATION.

(Continued from Page 726.)

ITALY being cleared of the enemy, it was thought expedient that the Russians, by whom so hard fought a service was done, should carry their conquering arms into Switzerland, and there reap new laurels for themselves, and safety for the inhabitants. Bagration received this news with rapture. On reading the orders, he turned to one of his aid-de-camps, and said, "My long wish will now be gratified; I shall see the brave descendants of the brother heroes of the glorious William Tell. May the liberty of this virtuous people be as immortal as the memory of that heroic man!"

Generals Massena and Jourdan commanded the French troops in Switzerland. Soon the gallant Bagration, who was attached to the division of General Korsakoff, had an opportunity to pay the homage of his heart in the chapel of his Swiss hero, to shed his blood on the spot where Tell's had flowed, and to support the Archduke Charles before the towers of Zurich. The day after he joined his imperial highness, the whole of the Russian army entered Switzerland, and doubly strengthened the hands of that brave Austrian commander. Indeed, great and momentous to all Europe, nay, to the world at large, might have been the effects of that union of heroes, had the plans of those generals, ratified by the cabinets of London and Petersburgh, been followed; but the inexplicable and destructive policy of the court of Vienna manacled the motions of the archduke, and ruined all.

Korsakoff seemed paralyzed by the sudden immobility of the Austrians. He was surprized by the French, and, incapable of extricating himself from sudden dangers, led the unfortunate Russians under his command into deeper peril and disaster. Bagration stemmed the torrent in vain; at length, seeing their situation desperate, with an heroism which struck his enemies with awe, he cut his way through, with a handful of men, several thousand French, and appeared before Marshal Suworoff, covered with wounds and with glory.

It was no inconsiderable vexation to this unconquered veteran, to lose, by the misconduct of others, an opportunity of crowning his labours with new wreaths, and of rescuing Switzerland from the grasp of France. Too tenacious of a soldier's fame to measure back his steps, he resolved to carry St. Gothard, and to pass by the vallies of Mutten and Clonthal, into the canton of Glarus, and there join General Lincken.

On the 24th of September the army halted before St. Gothard. Its formidable bridge, called *le pont du diable*, is the terror of all who cross it, and was the particular scene of Bagration's

gration's bravery. Though hardly recovered from his wounds, he yet pressed forward with the first, to mount this fearful precipice. On sight of the mountain, all was hope and enthusiasm among the troops. They encountered and attacked the enemy's out posts about a mile from Airolo. General Lecourbe made an obstinate resistance. The possession of this advantageous defile had been one of his most celebrated achievements; and on the very spot where his fame rose, he saw it likely to be blasted. Suworoff advanced. He looked around him with a steady eye, and raising his hand solemnly to Heaven, exclaimed, in the hearing of his brave fellows—"By the great God of battles I swear, that if I do not conquer the French this day, on this spot, for ever after to bury myself, a hermit, within the deepest caverns of these mountains!" The Russians, inflamed with religious zeal, at these words set up a terrible shout; and Bagration, knowing that the marshal would keep his oath, charged with redoubled violence upon the enemy. The bridge was firmly disputed; but at length he cleared the way for his eager troops, and they rushed on. Suworoff appeared like the god of war himself, animating his soldiers, and leading them over heaps of slain. Two great generals were contending for honours dearer to them than their lives. But victory declared for Suworoff, and the French abandoning the ground, made a hasty retreat.

This great object being attained, the marshal turned his steps towards Glarus, hoping, by his junction with Lincken, to finish what he had so happily begun. Full of these designs, he wrote to Korsakoff, and the generals under his command:

"You will answer with your lives for every farther step that you retreat. I am coming to repair your faults."

Whatever surprise Suworoff had felt on learning the disasters of the allies, no less was experienced by Moreau, when he was informed of the rapid and victorious march of the Russian general. Prince Bagration, as usual, commanded the advanced guard. General Auffemberg led a small column, which was the first to reach Clouthalersee, where the French had obtained a strong position. Auffemberg, having been misinformed on this head, was surrounded, and summoned to surrender. So far from acceding to their demand, he defended himself with admirable resolution; and gave time to Bagration to come up to his assistance. The French were then attacked in their turn with fixed bayonets, their ranks broken, and put to the rout. A strong line of the enemy yet retained some advantageous heights; and though our gallant prince was again wounded, he saw that it would be difficult for the remainder of the allied army, which had now arrived, to march in safety under their fire; and therefore during the night, he made a sudden and desperate attack upon them, drove them from their posi-

tions, seized their cannon, and pursued them to the environs of Naefels. This exploit gave the Russians entire possession of the road to Schweitz to Glarus.

Suworoff was prosecuting his victorious march, when he was confounded by the arrival of orders from St. Petersburg, that he and the army under his command should immediately return home. It is not necessary to enter here into the detail of the follies which impelled the Emperor Paul to this absurd measure. The retreat of the Russians alarmed Europe; and exposed to view the dissensions which had long been anticipated by the best informed politicians.

Bagration and his veteran friend now bade a long, and perhaps an eternal adieu to Switzerland. The prince beheld the glorious issue of their Alpine career, thus prematurely cut off, with the deepest regret, and the most painful reflections. He looked at Suworoff, and a strange foreboding seemed to announce a melancholy termination of so bright a track. He beheld this redoubted warrior, even in the midst of victory, bending under the weight of years; he was sixty-nine years of age when he raised his invincible standard on the summit of St. Gothard. He had fought the Prussians, the Poles, the Turks, and the Tartars; he had carried conquest from the shores of the Baltic to the Black and the Caspian seas; nothing was wanting to complete his resplendent career but to become a scourge to the monsters of regicide; and this had happened! The man who had in the north of Asia conquered barbarians, came to the south of Europe to vanquish stil more savage men, who boasted of having arrived at the highest pitch of civil perfection. He who had carried his battalions to the remote countries which the Romans could not penetrate, also conducted them into the very seat of that august empire. He who had surveyed the horrors of Caucasus, came to climb the precipitous St. Gothard, and lay all its horrors at his feet. The same man who had acquired renown in triumphing over nations which opposed to him courage without science, supported a prouder name in fighting against enemies, who added to bravery science, and to science genius. The same man who had reduced Schains Ghiroy, khan of Tartary, to the rank of a private individual, nay, more, who had dethroned Stanislaus, king of Poland; went to Italy to restore its dominions to its lawful sovereigns! So extraordinary a destiny, so wide in its aims, so inconsistent its pursuits, though all meeting in the point of military glory, absorbed the meditations of Bagration, and possessed his thoughts 'till he re-entered St. Peterburgh.

The reception of Marshal Suworoff was unworthy of his merits. Paul had lost his sense of real worth, and, with a mad ingratitude, he frowned upon the conqueror for Russia, the

great Rymnikski. Suworoff bore his undeserved disgrace like a hero. His father (the godson of Peter the First) had bequeathed him a large property, which the munificence of the Empress Catherine had augmented to immense riches; to this estate he resired. He had survived his good fortune, the favour of his sovereign, and the smiles of his friends. All fled the now ill-treated Suworoff but his grateful Bagration. That prince revered him more under this unmerited cloud, than when he was blazing in the meridian splendour of court honours, and national popularity. Disappointment and ingratitude conquered the vanquisher of hosts, and the disposer of kingdoms. In the year 1801 his valiant heart sunk a prey to his fate, he died, and left Europe to mourn his loss.

The death of his master in arms answered the melancholy forebodings of the gallant Bagration, and struck deep to his heart. The horrible tyranny of the execrable Paul so ill agreed with his noble spirit, that he withdrew himself to his palace at Moscow, and there passed his time in studying plans of future heroism and renown. The prince was not a hermit in his seclusion; he had a circle around him of noble warriors like himself; and in their society, embellished with the occasional presence of the most lovely and illustrious of the fair sex in that august capital, he beguiled the tedious months, 'till the death of Paul relieved his country from a great burthen.

When Alexander took the field against the French, Prince Bagration followed his standard; and in the various conflicts preceding the fatal battles of Austerlitz and Friedland, distinguished himself by extraordinary instances of promptitude and enterprize. Like Coriolanus, he could bare his breast, and shew how many scars he had received for his country.

On his return to Russia, after one of these hard-fought fields, wherein he had two horses shot under him, and rescued the flower of another general's division, at the hazard of his life; when all hearts were drawn towards him by the disinterested patriotism of the action; a magnificent entertainment was prepared, by the nobility of Moscow, to greet his arrival. He was received into a superb saloon, illuminated by ten thousand lamps, and blazing with all the beauty of that immense and imperial city. At the farther end of the room, amidst a grove of laurel trees, stood a colossal statue of the great Suworoff. On its pedestal was engraved this inscription:

The immortal Suworoff!
A crown of laurel is dedicated from the same grove,
to
Prince Peter Ivonitch Bagration,
by
His grateful countrymen.

At the moment he approached, an ode, such as was used to celebrate the Olympic victors, burst from the bosom of the grove:—

A Prose Translation of this Ode, from the Original Russian Poetry.

Friendship unites, and brings us here; joy enraptures each heart;
Truth herself proclaims that Bagration dedicates himself to the empire;
Superior to ambition, glory is his aim;
He loves our monarch, and he defends our country;
Despising envy and detraction, he alone is the instrument of great acts and of justice.

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!

Fortune was not his auxiliary; Bagration's well-earned honours
Were won with toil, and steeped in his flowing blood.
The fame of Russia he gemmed not with trivial acquisitions,
But emblazon'd by the greatness of his victories.
If disaster clouded the brightness of our arms, he appeared,
And the gloom dispelled; courage revived,
And the shouts of triumph rang through the battalions.
The hosts of an enemy never dismay'd his soul;
His strength was in his heart, and with a chosen few
He vanquish'd thousands.

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!

A hero who devotes his life to his country, is satisfied with the gratitude of her sons;
He disdains all other recompence;
Its success is his reward, its honour his glory.
He despises the luxuries of indolence, as he abhors the pleasures of vice.
He lives but in his country, and his life is immortal;
For those who build an eternal name on acts of patriotism and valour,
Die not—they live for ever!

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!

While

While this air was sung, the emotions of the prince were very visible; and when it was finished, unable to restrain them any longer, in a transport of enthusiastic remembrance, he rushed towards the statue of the deceased Suworoff, and most ardently embracing it, exclaimed, "To thee do I owe all."

This action drew bursts of admiration from the warriors that were present; and the women wept tears of delight to see such amiable sensibility in so brave a bosom.

This prince is as accomplished as he is valiant; and unites with a grateful person, a countenance of the most heroic cast. His complexion bears the marks of many climates, but his eyes are bright and piercing. His nose is aquiline; and his mouth expresses all the sweetness and affability of his nature. His deportment is modest, dignified, and engaging. Such a man is the Prince Bagration, the "flower of Russian chivalry," the admiration of his enemies, and the friend of all good and great men of every nation.

After the fall of Dantzic, he saw the olive withering, which bound Russia to the English empire. It burst asunder, and the brand of war was lighted. His troops were again assembled, but not to retread the plains of Italy, nor to reascend the steeps of the Alps; he changed the march of his brave followers, to meet a respected foe on the plains of Finland; and there, under Russian colours, contend with the enemies of France, with the late friends of Russia! Mysterious policy of courts, amazing versatility of cabinets, whither will ye lead us! The Prince Bagration, the conqueror of Britain's foes, is now in arms against her on the shores of Bothnia. When virtue so meets, then may hostility die; and there may peace again mingle the olive with his laurel; once more may it bind the united hands of the two greatest empires in the world, England and Russia!

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 52.

TO THE EDITOR.

"A thing
As full of whims and fancies, and perverse
As the spoilt darling of a doating mother."

IN the course of a late excursion through the north of England, I had the honour of being introduced to Lady Vapour, one of the most unaccountable creatures I ever met with. Her ladyship is about thirty, a widow, very handsome, and

very rich; and might, according to the common nature of things, have spent the remainder of her days as happily as possible. But having taken it into her head that she is always in an ailing state, she swallows such enormous cargoes of medicine, that her constitution begins really to be impaired. She, not long ago, discarded a very eminent physician, for advising her to trust to the simple efficacy of air and exercise, in preference to any other remedy. Indeed, the learned doctor had unfortunately given her a previous cause of displeasure, at the death of *Veny* the lap-dog.

On the melancholy day of this favourite's exit, her ladyship, after shedding a flood of tears, asked the son of Galen, in a very serious manner, whether he did not conceive it dangerous to live in the house, 'till the rooms had been thoroughly cleansed and fumigated; adding, that, for her part, she looked on poor, dear, charming, little Veny's complaint as monstrously virulent, and as he must lie in state at least three days, the horrible contagion might possibly be conveyed to her ladyship. The doctor, in spite of his gravity and his wig, could not refrain from a hearty laugh; at the same time assuring his fair patient, that such precautions were altogether unnecessary. But this by no means satisfied her; and when the doctor had taken his fee, and departure, she sent an express to Mr. Pestle, the apothecary. Pestle was immediately at her ladyship's elbow; and on being asked the same question respecting Veny, he solemnly assured her, that he was quite of her ladyship's opinion; that he knew, from an examination of *Miss* Veny's body, that she died of a most deleterious disease, which he had no doubt would very soon become epidemic, and scatter the seeds of death over the whole country. This awful and terrifying intelligence sent Lady Vapour and family to London, where they remained three months; and would have tarried much longer, had not Pestle (who had thus incautiously lost his best customer) written her several letters, with the strongest assurances that no further danger was to be apprehended from the death of Miss Veny.

But I must not omit a ridiculous circumstance, to which I was myself a witness. Being honoured with a seat, one Sunday, in her ladyship's pew, I was at a loss to account for the height of the curtains that surrounded it. In fact, not a single soul in the church, excepting the clergyman (nor even he, unless in the rostrum) could discover what was going on within this envied and reverenced enclosure, this sanctum sanctorum. The truth of the business was, that Lady Vapour (blush as ye list, ye indignant fashionables!) *wore pockets;* in which said receptacles she never failed to carry a respectable quantity of sweet cakes and cordials, to prevent flatulency and faintness. Now it so happened, that, the weather being sultry and the church

church crowded, and the reverend pastor strenuously engaged in impressing the minds of his hearers with an awful account of the day of judgment—it so happened, Mr. Editor, that near the conclusion of the sermon, her ladyship felt the absolute want of a little vivifying cordial; for which purpose she gently stole her hand into her pocket, endeavouring as much as possible to escape attention. But oh! woe of woes! a poor half-starved mouse, who, though bred to the church, found it a miserable *living*, possessing, however, the most exquisite olfactory organs, had for a full hour attacked those delicious sweet cakes, in the very pocket where the fair hand was so slyly thrust; and, dreadful to relate, the sacrilegious reptile most impudently seized the right honourable tip of her ladyship's little finger!! A loud scream, and a swoon were the consequence; and the parson closed his sermon, fully convinced that his pathetic oratory had occasioned it. He, therefore, took the first opportunity of waiting on her ladyship, and, apologising for his rashness, in preaching a sermon so fatal to her delicate nervous system. But, to dispel the great orator's uneasiness, an ecclaircissement ensued; and (to his reverence's unspeakable chagrin) the corpse of the villainous mouse was held up in triumph before him.

This just mortification of vanity reminds me of a story somewhat similar in the *Facetiæ* of the celebrated Poggio Bracciolini, written, I believe, about the time of Henry the Sixth. Menage, a well-known French author, wrote an excellent Latin version of it, entitled, "Cantor lacrymas eliciens," of which I have also seen a good English metrical translation, but shall, at present, prefer plain prose.

A monk preaching to the populace made a most uncouth and enormous noise, by which a poor woman, amongst his auditors, was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher attributing her grief to excess of remorse of conscience, excited by his own inimitable eloquence, gave the praise to God, but sent for the old woman, and asked her why and how she became so piteously affected by his discourse. "Holy father," answered the woman, "I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labour of an ass, which was left me by my late husband. But alas! alas! my poor dear Neddy is dead, and your preaching brought his braying so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief."

Pardon, Mr. Editor, this digression; for such is my admiration of a good joke, that I seldom pass by one, however foreign to the chief subject of my epistle. But in the present instant, there is such an evident parallelism between the worthy Mr. Poggio's anecdote, and your unworthy servant's, that luckily for the latter, scarce any apology is requisite.

And

And now "*to conclude,*" (as the reverend divine was about to exclaim, just at the nefarious mouse lacerated the beforementioned right honourable tip of her ladyship's little finger) I shall only add, for the benefit of such of his British majesty's liege subjects as labour under similar complaints, the advice of an eminent physician in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory—Dr. Bulleyn by name.

"Esse cupis sanus? Sit tibi parca manus,
Pone gulæ metas, ut sit tibi longa ætas."

Which meaneth, I presume, nothing more or less than that if a person wisheth to be healthy, and to live long, he must be strictly temperate in all things.

I am,
Your most obedient,

X.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

To Miss M—— J——s, on her finding my Glove.

1.

Thoughtless of all—except, fair maid,
Your beauteous self, and love,
As o'er the level sands I stray'd,
I dropp'd a worthless glove.

2.

Trivial, at first, the loss appear'd,
'Till found by those bright eyes;
Beheld by *them*—it comes endear'd,
And proves a valued prize.

3.

But tell me, Mary, have you seen
A truant from my breast?
A little fluttering heart, I mean,
That never was at rest.

4.

Methinks you *must!* For when we met,
Its empire was my own;
But when I left you with regret,
'Twas—in an instant—*gone.*

5.

Beauty, I fear, when *hearts* are lost,
Rarely such loss restores;
Then keep it, nymph! but let me boast
One little share of your's.

X.

GRETNA GREEN MARRIAGES.

THE same revolutionary spirit that overturns empires, has transposed the scene of hymeneal union from Gretna Green to the adjoining hamlet of Spring-field, lately built by Sir J. Maxwell. It seems that the present landlady of the chief inn, called Gretna Hall (the ancient scite on which the matrimonial chains of fugitive lovers had been so securely, though hastily rivetted, by the same workman, for more than half a century), took a moral objection to this mode of proceeding, from the parental distress of those who arrived at her house too late to save their runaway daughters; and therefore she issued a prohibitory order, which has of late been most rigidly complied with:

"That no young travelling couples, driving up the avenue in immoderate haste, should be received under her roof."

The consequence has lately been, that the whole conjugal run from the English road has been to Springfield, where two miserable public-houses, the King's Head, and the Maxwell Arms, hold out their opposition signals of reception; to these each of the post-boys of the Bush Inn, and the coffee-house at Carlisle, drive in support of adverse interests. Centrically opposite to both dwells Joseph Paisley, the hymeneal priest, formerly a tobacconist, but now solely employing his time and talents in the mysteries of his sacred profession. A man named David Long presumptuously sat up against him, a short time since, in the vain hope of sharing in the emoluments of this Scottish ritual; but he seldom unites any of those whose hands bring plentiful offerings; fortune, in all her caprices, still reserves these for Father Paisley, who performs the indissoluble operation, at either public house, in less than one minute, although he invariably drinks a bottle of brandy at one draught in the minute preceding! Scarcely a day passes over his reverend head, it seems, in which he does not inhale a full gallon of this liquid inspiration! He is about 64 years of age, more than 40 of which have been devoted to this profession. He marries, on the average, about 70 couple in a year, and, from the profuse liberality of fortunate adventurers, has frequently received a fee of fifty guineas, yet he humbly goes to the dis-

charge of his pious offices with scarcely a shoe on his foot. As to the erudition of this celebrated character, the following certificate of one of his last marriages will sufficiently demonstrate it:—

"This to sartfay all persons who may be concerned, that on ——, from the parish of ——, and ——, from the parish of ——, in England, and both comes before me declayred themselves to be single persons, and hereby now marryed by the forme of the kirk of Scotland, and agreible to the church of England; and therefore givine under my hande this 28th day of June, 1808.

"JOS. PAISLEY."

Anecdote of Donna Caro, Aunt of the Marquis de la Romana.

DURING the war at the beginning of the French revolution, this courageous lady used to attend her husband, General Don Ventura Caro, who commanded the Spanish army in the neighbourhood of Yrun. At the beginning of an engagement this lady was accustomed to take her station in the battery of San-Carlos, whereon was erected the signal post for the left wing of the army. She held a telescope in her hand, through which she viewed her husband, whilst he exposed himself to the firing as a common soldier; neither the firing of twelve twenty-four pounders, which were placed around her, nor the bombs which fell beside her, could move her; the telescope never trembled in her hand. In the intervals of hostility, she employed herself in visiting the hospitals, and contributing to allay the distresses of the sick and wounded. Such an instance of courage and benevolence is scarcely to be paralleled. She preferred witnessing the conflicts and the fate of her husband, to the anxiety of mind she knew she must have suffered 'till she could have heard it from others. The marquis de la Romana at that time commanded a post called Casa fuerte (the strong house.)

SHREWDNESS *of* AMERICAN INDIANS.

THEIR replies are not only ready, but often ingenious. An *Outouai* being asked by the count de Frontenac, of what materials he conceived rum, of which he was so fond, to be formed, answered, that it was the spirit and quintessence of hearts and tongues; "For," continued he, "when I have drank of it I fear nothing, and I speak with more than usual facility and boldness."

An ANECDOTE.

XERXES had lost many Persians at Thermopilæ, on account of the narrow passes of the mountains; when one Ephialtes, a native of Trachis, pointing out to him a straight path round the mountains, he sent 2000 men to come on the back of the Grecians, who slew all that were led by Leonidas.

Ceremony of the Deposition of a Spanish King.

ABOUT the middle of the fifteenth century, when the patience of the Castilian people was exhausted by the follies and crimes of the flagitious Henry IV. they in a body claimed to themselves, and exercised, the privilege of trying and passing sentence upon their sovereign. A spacious theatre having been erected in a plain near Avila, an image, representing the king, was seated on a throne, clad in royal robes, with a crown on its head, a sceptre in its hand, and the sword of justice by its side. The accusation against the king was read, and the sentence of deposition was pronounced in the presence of a numerous assembly. At the close of the first article of the charge, the archbishop of Toledo advanced, and tore the crown from the head of the image; at the close of the second, the comte de Placentia snatched the sword of justice from its side; at the close of the third, the comte de Beneventi wrested the sceptre from its hand; at the close of the last, Don Diego Lopez de Stunigo tumbled it headlong from the throne. At the same instant Don Alfonzo, Henry's brother, was proclaimed king of Castile and Leon in its stead.

Answer, by W. D. Champion of Bridgewater, to G. Harvey's Question inserted May 9.

BY a proper algebraical process I find

x = 18 = S
y = 12 = M
z = 9 = I
n = 19 = T
v = 8 = H

Consequently the name of the heroic warrior is SMITH.

☞ Similar answers have been received from J. Patten, at Mr. Quant's school, Evershot; W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliot; Tristram Bath, of Wendron; J. H. Lanyon, of St. Austell; and R. Maffett, of Plymouth.

Answer, by J. Saunders, Exeter, to R. Loosemore's Charade, inserted July 18.

TO rescue from oblivion dark and drear
The friend or parent whom we hold most dear
The TOMB-STONE o'er their clay-cold grave we raise,
And in some fancied verse their virtues praise.

*** Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, of Chard; Typographus, J. Treadwin, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; J. Melhuish, W. D. Champion, and John Trood, of Bridgewater; W. Petherick; Hester Easter, Poole; F. Arden, of South Petherton; Paul Ninnis, of Tavistock; Philo Musæus, Yeovil; J. Medland, Knackershole; W. Kent, Camelford; a private in the North Cornish volunteers; and G. Trenchard, of Bampton.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to G. A. F. Arden's Rebus, inserted July 25.

AN OUNCE, Sir, is the beast you mean,
Which may in foreign climes be seen.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Salter, of Broadhembury; W. Petherick; Hester Easter, of Poole; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; and S. Duck, of South Petherton.

A REBUS, *by J. Colling, of St. Dominick.*

BENEATH the feet of mortal men
My fertile first you'll view;
A noise or sound my next declares:
My dreadful whole pray shew.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

WITH care examine o'er the British nation,
You'll find my first among the brute creation;
Not so my next, with wisdom fraught and skill,
He makes my first obedient to his will;
And in my last doth oftentimes advance
To curb the pride and insolence of France:
My whole is certainly a pleasing sight,
To those who do in curious feats delight.

A CHARADE, *by H. Ellis, of Exeter.*

WHEN the bright lamp of heav'n's effulgent ray
Breaks forth to animate the new-born day,
And feather'd songsters, in the leafy grove,
Renew their notes of gratitude and love;
My first mounts high in air, on rapid wing,
To taste the pleasures of enchanting spring:
Urg'd by my next the race-horse swiftly flies
Across the turf, to gain the gilded prize;
Pursues the rapid course with haughty bound,
And with his noble blood he stains the ground.
When Flora fair her charming reign resumes,
And scents the garden with her rich perfumes,
My whole is found amidst her num'rous train,
Which by these parts you quickly will explain.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

WHAT MAN SHOULD BE.

THE man whose philanthropic breast
By conscious virtue is impress'd,
Will to vast heights aspire:
He will, by turns, to all dispense
The blessings which kind providence
Permits him to acquire.

No selfish views will e'er intrude,
But anxious for his country's good,
On her his thoughts are bent;
Whether he be of wealth possess'd,
Or poor, with innate virtue blest,
He still enjoys content.

Thus, far from shunning public life,
In scenes of hurry, noise, and strife,
He will conspicuous shine;
Impell'd by patriotic zeal,
To suffering merit he will deal
Beneficence divine.

Should an invader's hostile band
Bid ruin stalk across the land,
Behold the patriot nigh;
His sword with joy the good man draws,
Determin'd, in his country's cause,
To conquer or to die.

Now, as a Howard calmly brave,
Desirous captives sad to save,
This patriot of the world
Sets forth: to where the wretched dwell,
Plung'd in the dungeon's darksome cell
Behold the sails unfurl'd.

In war, where thickest dangers fly,
A glorious death or victory
On the true hero wait:
In peace the worthy mourner's friend,
To each just plea he will attend,
And cheer the harshest fate.

Should faction's traitorous voice assail,
Or tyrants threat the common weal
With slavery's horrid form;
In well-tried honesty secure,
In freedom rich he dares be poor,
Nor dreads the low'ring storm.

Thus did the Spartan quit his wife,
His children, country, nay his life,
To save the Grecian state:
Thus Marathonian heroes bled,
Alive much honour'd, and when dead
E'en slaves extoll'd their fate.

To

To guide a wav'ring senate's choice,
The patriot statesman lifts his voice
To counsels truly great;
His mind no selfish wish employs,
But, in his country safe, enjoys
Fair honour's envied seat.

'Twas thus Demosthenes of old
Inflam'd the generous and bold
Proud Philip to confound:
'Twas thus great Cicero, in Rome,
Protracted long his country's doom,
By freedom's hallow'd sound.

What tho' their splendid labours fail'd
To gain their end, and slav'ry hail'd
Her captives, Greece and Rome:
Still shall their effort make the name
Of both these statesmen live to fame,
For ages yet to come.

To W. W. H. *Esq.*

YOU will, in the above verses, Sir, perceive WHAT A MAN SHOULD BE; and which, I trust, will prove a sufficient answer to your's of the 17th, for which I feel much indebted.

I have the pleasure to subscribe myself, your's truly,
AMATOR PATRIÆ.

Chard, August 20, 1808.

BATTLE *of* MAIDA.

By Sir GEORGE DALLAS, *Bart.*

STRIKE, strike the harp! to glory lift the strain,
Hark! vict'ry shouts on bright Euphemia's plain;
Sound, sound the chords! let peals of rapture rise,
With swelling symphonies salute the skies!

All grateful raise the patriot voice,
In strains of harmony rejoice;
Brittannia triumphs! swell the string!
Calabria's glories loudly sing!

Hark! Fame her brazen trumpet sounds,
With martial notes the air rebounds;
Throughout the spheres resounds the lay,
That British valour wins the day!

Now glory sweeps the golden lyre,
And genius wakes the strains of fire;
Enraptur'd fancy's swells the key,
And bids the day immortal be.

Rejoicing voices fill the choral strain,
And shout the glories of Euphemia's plains;
With loftiest raptures shake each trembling sphere,
And thrill with ecstacy the ravish'd ear!

EPIGRAM.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died.